

The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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May 10, 1944



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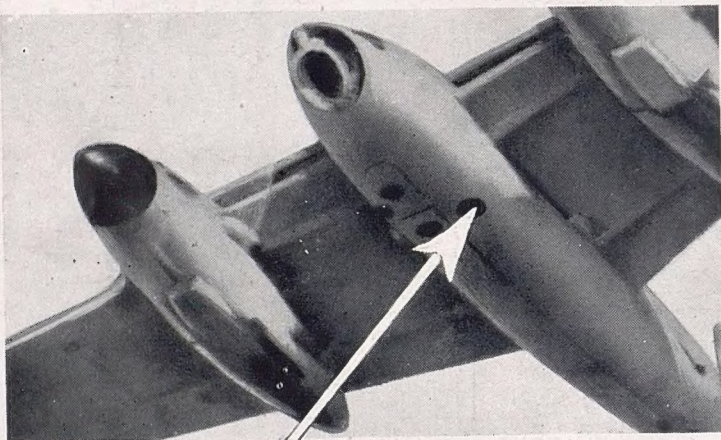
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His Majesty King George VI. By James Gunn

Amongst the outstanding portraits in this year's Royal Academy is Mr. James Gunn's picture of the King. An excellent likeness of His Majesty, the portrait caused many people to remark on the sitter's growing resemblance to his father, King George V. Another painting by the same artist, "Pauline in the Yellow Dress," attracted much attention at the private view at Burlington House, and was later bought by Preston Art Gallery



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Climax

NO matter how one looks at the present meeting of Empire Prime Ministers in London, and regardless of the reiterated assertions that there are not likely to be announced any hard and fast decisions, the fact that they are here at this time is most significant. In welcoming them as they sat round the green baize table of the Cabinet Room in Downing Street, Mr. Churchill used the pregnant phrase that they were gathered together "in the most deadly climax of the conflict." This phrase may be the key to the reason for their coming to London now. They are here to share in the fashioning of the final plans for the overthrow of Hitler.

In this way their meeting assumes a dramatic meaning. It is also equally symbolic, and heartening that in this fifth year of the war the British Empire is so completely united as the speeches of the Prime Ministers who responded to Mr. Churchill's welcome showed. But one cannot forget that there is a vacant place at this present conference of Empire Statesmen. The absence of a representative from the Irish Free State is deeply to be regretted at this moment when there is this practical expression of the unity of the free nations of the British Commonwealth.

Survey

OBVIOUSLY the Prime Ministers knew all the broad outlines of the invasion plans before they reached London. Mr. Churchill is most meticulous in maintaining the flow from London to the Empire capitals of all manner of information, secret and otherwise. It may be, however, that not until the Prime Ministers sat in the Cabinet Room in Downing Street were they acquainted with the fullest and final details of the vast military operations

which have been planned. This would be only a wise precaution, for the success of the military operations will depend on the way the secret of the Allied intentions is kept. In the North African campaign the War Cabinet and the Allied Commanders were remarkably successful in hiding the time, place and extent of their plans. With the experience then gained there is no reason why they should not be equally successful on this occasion.

Warning

THE Germans are becoming most loquacious under the strain of waiting for the attack, which is quite natural. Their commentators see in the lull on the Eastern Front and the comparative quietness of the military scene in Italy that there is to be a co-ordinated descent on Germany and the territories that she occupies. This is a fair assumption, but it is strange, to say the least, that General Dittmar should broadcast to the Germans his opinion that "certain factors are extremely favourable to the British and Americans." He points to the wide traffic lanes of the sea which will enable the Allies to produce surprise, and the possession of sea power which will provide fire power of superior weight to cover landings.

In this commentary, however, General Dittmar himself did not mention certain pressure that will come from the East Front and from Italy. Remembering how in the past, and certainly at the beginning of this war, the German strategists were taught to beware of fighting on two fronts, one can well imagine the anxiety with which the German High Command now face their future. Air power has torn open the very heart of Germany and now it lies exposed to the greatest assault that such a war-loving country has ever known.

Tactics

MORE than ever before this is the time to be watchful because Hitler is also about to undergo his severest test. The German people are looking to him and pinning on him all their remaining faith. They hope in their fatalistic way that by some means or other he will save them. There is something mystic in this fresh eleventh-hour surrender to the man who has plunged Germany deeper in the depths of depression and suffering than any of their previous leaders. The point is that Hitler will, I am sure, do his utmost to save Germany and himself. No political or military trick, no act of dramatic cunning or deception, will be left out of the game which Hitler will try to play.

Regarded in this way, and taking into account the great power which the Allies have created, this final act in the Hitlerian drama of Europe assumes a degree of intensity which will call forth from the Allies all the qualities of courage, conviction, determination.



Returned from Yugoslavia

Brig. Fitzroy Maclean, after many months in Yugoslavia, arrived recently in London with Gen. Velebit and Major Voglnik, with whom he is continuing military discussions started in Cairo and Algiers



Officers of H.M.S. Black Prince

Capt. D. M. Lees, D.S.O., R.N., seen here with Cdr. R. H. V. Gregory, commands the new British cruiser Black Prince. They took part in a recent action in the Channel when a German destroyer was sunk



The Flying Admiral

Vice-Admiral Richard Bell-Davis, V.C., C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., the only Vice-Admiral to wear the pilot's wings of the Fleet Air Arm, in this is second in seniority to the King. His wife, with him here, is in charge of Wrens at a Fleet Air Arm station

clear-sightedness and solidarity of purpose. Hitler and Germany must not escape.

Recognition

MARSHAL STALIN in his May Day Message was more than usually appreciative of the help given to Russia throughout her great struggle by Britain and the United States. He proclaimed that the two Allies had made a considerable contribution to the successes of the Red Army. The fact that Marshal Stalin pointed out that in Italy the Allied forces had diverted a considerable part of German troops from the Russian front was also more than interesting. In the past there has been a tendency to decry the size and the purpose of the operation in Italy. But looking back it is heartening to study the unfolding strategy which started with the British advance through the desert into Africa, the linking up of forces of the Allies by the landing in North Africa, the invasion of Crete and finally the approach to Germany's back door through the invasion of Italy. Even so, Marshal Stalin is cautious in his assessment of the future when he describes Germany as a "dangerous wounded beast which has retired to its lair." There is no doubt that this is how we should view the heavy task which faces our invading forces.



The King's Dinner Party at Buckingham Palace

The Dominion Prime Ministers were entertained to dinner recently by the King and Queen. It was the first official dinner to be attended by Princess Elizabeth, who sat between Gen. Smuts and Mr. Mackenzie King. This photograph shows Mr. Fraser, Mr. Curtin, Mr. Churchill, the Maharajah of Kashmir, the King, Sir Godfrey Huggins, Mr. Mackenzie King, Sir Firoz Khan Noon and Gen. Smuts

Success

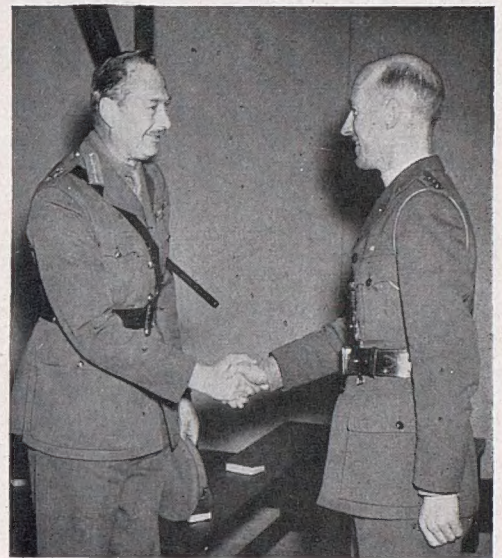
THE agreement by which Spain restricts the supplies of wolfram to Germany, closes the German consulate at Tangier which was such a valuable Mediterranean watch-tower, releases Italian ships, and withdraws Spanish troops from the Russian front is a valuable contribution to the Allied war plan. Like all other diplomatic achievements it is open to criticism and has its critics. But diplomacy, as this country knows to its cost, is based on power. Power to compel somebody else to see your point of view and to accept your terms. Until now neither Britain nor the United States has been in a position to compel Spain to realize that Germany has lost the war. Up to the last moment General Franco and his ministers have stubbornly clung to the conviction that Hitler must win. The fact that they have agreed to the Allied terms shows that they have been compelled to change their minds. From Washington we have been

told that the United States Government were in favour of insisting that all wolfram exports to Germany should stop, but that the British Government insisted on a compromise.

In diplomacy I believe that there is a point at which the successful negotiator should not drive too hard a bargain. If he does, he is apt to leave a hard feeling which takes a long time to live down. The diplomatist has always to think of the future of his country. In this case it is interesting to note what Mr. Anthony Eden had to say about the future exports of wolfram to Germany. Twenty tons will be allowed to go in May and June, and afterwards Germany is to receive forty tons a month to the end of the year, if as a practical matter the exports can be made. It would not surprise me that the Spanish Government recognize as well as the British Government that many difficulties are going to occur which will make it almost impossible for Germany to get any wolfram at all.

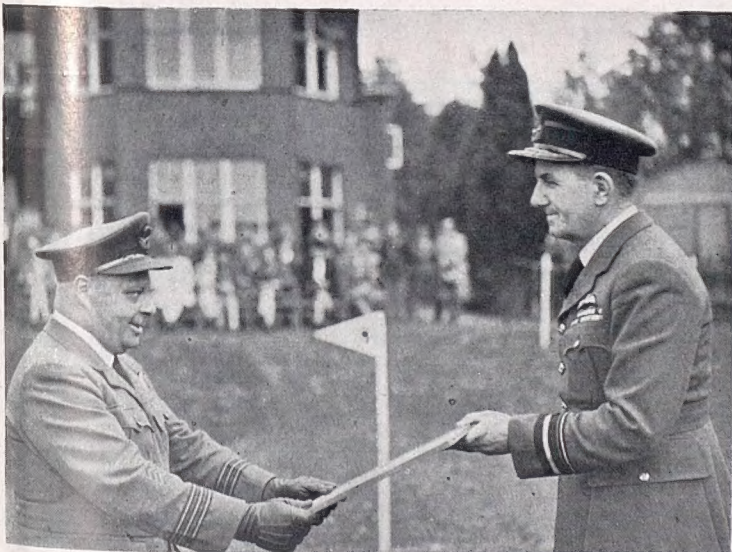
Discipline

MOST voluble of all the critics of the Government on all aspects of policy, not excluding war strategy and diplomacy, is Mr. Aneurin Bevan whose expulsion from the Labour Party has been proposed. Mr. Bevan is forty-seven, agile in his build and fiery in his fervid and forensic ability. There are few Members of the House of Commons who can equal his persistence in debate. As an orator he has all the qualities and defects of the Celt. For a time he was the most unrelenting and personal of Mr. Churchill's critics. His attacks on Mr. Churchill caused even his warmest admirers in the Labour Party to shake their heads in sorrow. Although Mr. Bevan has ceased to be as pointed in his attacks on Mr. Churchill personally, there is no doubt that the decision of the Labour Party managers to recommend his expulsion is derived, and will gain support, from the early resentment which he created by his attacks on the Prime Minister.



The Duke and the Padre

After opening the Prisoners of War exhibition at Clarence House, the Duke of Gloucester found an old friend, the Rev. J. F. O. Bowen. They had previously met at a casualty clearing station in France before Dunkirk



A R.A.F. Radio School receives its Unit Badge

A unit badge was presented to No. 5 Radio School at a ceremony at their headquarters in the Home Counties. W/Cdr. L. H. Stewart, officer commanding the school, received the badge from Air Vice-Marshal V. H. Tait, Director General of Signals, R.A.F.



Johnson, Oxford

Amongst those who attended the presentation were Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.C., A.O.C.-in-C. Technical Training Command, and Lady Barratt, Air Cdre. J. G. W. Weston, O.B.E., and G/Capt. J. A. Elliott. Behind is G/Capt. C. N. Ellen, D.F.C.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

M. Agate s'amuse!

By James Agate

I GENUINELY and honestly think that the owners of London's cinemas should petition the London County Council to take away the Academy Cinema's licence. This in sheer self-preservation. Some few days ago I went to see a revival of *Le Roi s'amuse*, with the result that for the time being I just cannot be fair to any British film. The makers of this famous picture will doubtless plead that it is a burlesque; if so, I shall maintain that a burlesque may be the highest form of truth. The king of some ridiculous country in the Balkans who visits Paris and at the Opera refrains from applauding for fear of waking the President; the glittering actress who takes on a new lover with less excitement than she pulls on a pair of old stockings; the Deputy who uses his wife's infidelity as a stepping-stone to cabinet rank—all these people are entirely true to life and drawn without the slightest exaggeration. Possibly one is misled by two things in this film—the superabundant, overflowing wit and the superbit of the acting.

CONSIDER the end! The king comes to spend the night at the house of one Bourdier, a deputy of left-wing persuasion but enormously wealthy. After the festivities His Majesty retires to rest, and, to quote from the synopsis, "incidentally takes Bourdier's wife with him. Next morning Bourdier threatens a scandal, but is pacified by being given the post of Minister of Commerce, and in gratitude the king signs the trade treaty, which he had not intended to do." Not very witty? Well, that depends, reader, on your sense of wit. I only know that five days have passed since I saw this film and that I am still laughing at Bourdier's remark on receiving his portfolio: "Tell madame that all is forgiven, but that I still take a poor view of her having chosen the day of my election to cabinet rank to commit *cette inconséquence*." Lovely performances by Raimu, Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay and Elvire Popescu. Which is a further reason why the Academy should at once be deprived of its licence. I calculate that it will be at least

a fortnight before I can look at any British film-acting with either conviction or pleasure.

STILL under the influence of the French picture I went to see *Fanny By Gaslight* (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion). This seemed to me to be an extraordinary concoction made out of material by Thackeray handled in the manner of Amanda Ros in her *Delina Delaney* period. I am afraid I didn't believe in a single moment of the action or in one single word uttered by anybody throughout. I didn't believe in the cabinet minister who passed off his illegitimate daughter as his housekeeper's niece. I didn't believe in the wife who demanded a divorce, threatened her husband to cite the girl as co-respondent, and dared him to set up a defence which would let it come to the old Queen's ears that his daughter was his daughter and had been brought up in a brothel. But then I decline to believe in any cabinet minister who, confronted with such a virago, would not say: "File your petition, madam, and be damned." I don't believe that any man, in parliament or out, would commit suicide in the face of so harmless a scandal. I didn't believe in the daughter who, left a quantity of shares by a wealthy father, didn't bother to ask how much they were worth. Nor could I believe that, in possession of a small fortune, she would go to work in a laundry. Lastly, I didn't believe in the rising young politician, her lover, who in my view hadn't enough personality, push or brains to qualify him for a job as book-maker's clerk. As I sat watching Stewart Granger's sick-bed agonies—readers of Mr. Sadleir's novel will doubtless remember that Harry Somerford was shot in Paris in a duel with the wicked Lord Manderstoke—I thought of a passage in Stevenson's *Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's*: "My acquaintance with Raoul has never gone beyond a bow; and when he, who has so long pretended to be alive, is at last suffered to



1. Lord Manderstoke (James Mason), a drunken bully, attacks Hopwood, proprietor of "The Happy Warrior" (James Laurie), and in his rage throws the publican to his death beneath a passing cab

pretend to be dead, I am sometimes reminded of a saying in an earlier volume: '*Enfin, dit Miss Stewart*'—and it was of Bragelonne she spoke—'*enfin il a fait quelque chose: c'est, ma foi! bien heureux.*'" Yes, they must close the Academy at once.

IN my view the first qualification of a critic is that he should be fair. I admit that my views on gaslit Fanny are wildly unfair, and for the reason stated. To rectify matters I have pleasure in setting down the remarks of a friend of advanced age whom I took with me to the première, and who, not having seen the French film, was able to take an unbiased view of the English one. My friend said: "I liked it immensely. I liked the elegance, the breeding, the fun, the *Englishness* of it. I felt proud of Gainsborough Studios to have given us a native picture so admirably produced and directed. I should like to congratulate Anthony Asquith especially, for his ingenuity and technical wit. I give high praise to Phyllis Calvert as Fanny; she is exceedingly pretty and will be a good actress one of these days. I admire James Mason enormously as the wicked Lord, lineally descended from Thackeray's Lord Mohun. I admire the old-time cockney comedy of Wilfrid Lawson as the good-natured publican who shelters Fanny in her hour of need. I think Margaretta Scott as the cabinet minister's wife was elegant, well-bred and life-like. I liked the cabinet minister of Stuart



5. Influenced by Harry's sister, Kate, an embittered spinster, and believing that the stigma of her birth would bring social disgrace to Harry, Fanny disappears. She is discovered one night by Lord Manderstoke at Evans Supper Rooms, where she has been taken by her old childhood friend, Lucy (Jean Kent)



6. Through Lucy, Harry and Fanny are brought together again. Fanny insists on a year's trial marriage and on her 21st birthday is taken by Harry to Paris. There they again run into Manderstoke who is by now Lucy's lover. Manderstoke flings wine in Harry's face and challenges him to a duel

"Fanny By Gaslight"

Michael Sadleir Found Inspiration
in the Old Yellow-Backs for his Best-
Seller of London in the Seventies

The screen version of Michael Sadleir's best-selling novel, *Fanny By Gaslight*, was shown for the first time at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on Monday last, in aid of the Civil Defence Welfare Fund. The film, which is directed by Anthony Asquith, has been made by Gainsborough, under the guiding hand of Mr. Maurice Ostrer. It has a brilliant cast, headed by Phyllis Calvert as Fanny, James Mason as Lord Manderstoke, Wilfrid Lawson as Chunks, and Stewart Granger as Harry Somerford



3. Fanny learns that she is the illegitimate daughter of her employer, Clive Seymore (Stuart Granger). He confesses to her the true facts of her birth and a strong though secret affection develops between them

2. With Hopwood's death, Fanny (Phyllis Calvert) loses her foster-father and is sent into service at the home of Clive Seymore, whose beautiful wife Alicia (Margaretta Scott) takes her on as personal maid

Lindsell, and I thought the final shot of him when he decided to commit suicide, most moving. Helen Haye, of course, cannot do wrong; and that fine actress Cathleen Nesbitt was, I thought, at the top of her form in her impersonation of a human rat-trap. Don't hurry away, James: I *did* notice one or two blemishes. It is some time since I read the book, but I believe the period was earlier than the eighties, and I imagine the change was made because the later costumes were less ugly. But then some of the scenes become improbable. I remember the eighties. The night-houses which in the novel are so vividly described had ceased to exist, and I remember looking for them in vain. London in the eighties was—outwardly, at any rate—a highly respectable, if somewhat dull, city. It is unimaginable that a peer would take his wife to a notorious resort in those days, when it was considered a little fast for ladies to be seen dining in a restaurant. Perhaps these are tricks. But I cannot help thinking that if Gainsborough had placed the period of the film some twenty years earlier it would have been more exciting, picturesque, and certainly more probable."

So there, reader, are two opinions, and you can take your choice. What is more important is that, at the time of writing, *Le Roi s'amuse* comes off on the very next Saturday as ever is.



4. When Alicia discovers her husband's relationship to her maid, Fanny is dismissed. She finds work at "The Jolly Bargee," which is run by her foster-father's former potman, Chunks. Here she is discovered by Seymore's secretary, Harry Somerford (Stewart Granger), who has fallen in love with her



7. Despite Fanny's pleadings, Harry goes to the rendezvous at dawn. The duelling etiquette is superintended by the Directeur du combat (Guy Gy-Mas). Harry is shot and, seriously wounded, is rushed to a nearby convent. Afraid that he is dying, Fanny sends for his sister, Kate



8. Kate (Cathleen Nesbitt) arrives and orders the doctor (Guy Le Feuvre) to keep Fanny from Harry's room. Enraged, Fanny turns on Kate. She hears her lover repeatedly calling her name and, in spite of opposition, goes to his side

The Theatre

"Jill, Darling!" (Winter Garden)

By Horace Horsnell

TIMES change and, in the world of popular entertainment, fashion changes with them. This is especially so on what is termed the illegitimate stage. That throne, the top of the bill, once the jealous prerogative of reigning comedians, has for some time been usurped by all kinds of transient pretenders. Crooners come and go. Dancers, whose songs and patter are merely conventional preludes to their tip-tap sleight, find quick but ephemeral favour. Acrobats, jugglers, ventriloquists, trick cyclists, and other adventurous experts grow scarcer. Bespangled Indian clubs seldom scintillate through the limelight air, and in the footlights' preserve, that stentorian demagogue, the microphone, rears its raucous head.

Good comedians, however, long a prime glory of our stage, are still assured of a welcome.

nonsense may be no great shakes. It would probably not flutter academic doves. But it serves. Mr. Riscoe stands no nonsense from it. He takes chapter and verse—chapter by the scruff of its neck, so to speak, and verse by the seat of its pants—and sees to it that their flight from footlights to gallery is handicapped neither by fear nor favour, nor, above all, by inaudibility.

That mastery of his comic medium, and the justly popular melodies of this good-tempered musical comedy, are reasons enough why his revival at the Winter Garden is especially welcome. It lightens and brightens a theatre bill that at the moment is overshadowed by murder and the darker operations of the law.

THE police, it is true, are called in, or rather called upon, during the evening, but their intervention is farcical. The majesty of the law is seen at its least alarming. The police station, into one of whose dungeons the hero is thrown, is that of the village of Bunting where the administration of justice is truly rural. Even the officers on duty have little chance to impress while their prisoner—Mr. Riscoe in his shroud-like nightshirt and absurd distress—happens to be wooing sleep in the adjoining dungeon, whose fourth wall, being absent,



Carole Lynne as Jill Sonning (alias Sara Tamara) and Arthur Riscoe as Pendleton Brooks, M.P.

Sketches by
Tom Tilt



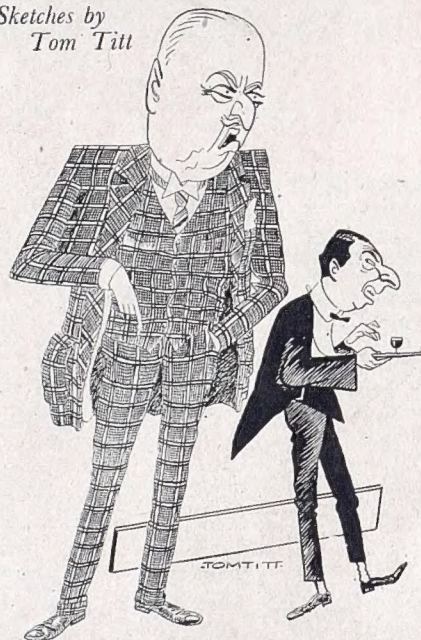
Marjorie Sandford as April Crawford and Bobby Delaney as Bobby Jones



Sebastian Smith and Bunty Coote as Sir Timothy Bunting and Betty Bunting

We can never have enough of them. Their once unrivalled status may be challenged from time to time, and they seem to change from absolute monarchs to constitutional kings. Such fabulous top-liners as Marie Lloyd, Little Tich, George Robey, and their peers, might find the conditions of monarchy somewhat circumscribed today; but that would be due to limited supply rather than a falling off in demand. True successors to the top of the bill are never ill-timed. They have but to show themselves for popular acclaim to make no mistake about them or the warmth of their welcome.

MR. ARTHUR RISCOE is of that royal and ancient lineage of full-blooded buffoons. It isn't so much what he says and does that tells, as the way he says and does it. He does not need the inconsiderate support of the mike, nor does he strive for applause in vain. His adjuvants are a pair of impudent eyes, a rich low-comedy rasp in his voice, confidential assumptions, and the art that conceals art by deceitfully affecting to disdain it. The welkin



Frank Royde as Colonel Crawford and Arthur Riscoe as his son, Jack

knows its master, and rings responsively to his ribald provocation.

On paper, perhaps, the literary equipment of the hero of this pleasantly tuned farrago of

gives us such generous views of his nocturnal habits and distractions.

How and why he lands himself in this predicament are questions that defy categorical answers. Particularly since Miss Carole Lynne is so glamorously concerned and takes such effective steps to see that the rigours of the law do not bear too harshly or too plausibly on the rascal who has engaged both her affections and resource.

Miss Lynne has the traditional equipment for her role in this mock-romantic but tuneful farrago—the looks, the voice, and the sweet disposition. She neither stands severely on her dignity, nor disguises her tenderer feelings, but voices them in lyrics that, if not heart-rending, are agreeably sung. Like the nightingale's, her complaint is moonlit, melodious, and fraught with jug-jug-lery that soars with ease into ethereal harmonics.

Mr. Riscoe has the staunch support of other excellent colleagues who know their job, and, thanks to him and the engaging music of Mr. Vivian Ellis, *Jill* remains a darling of the gods and groundlings alike.



Anthony

Phyllis Robins: Actress, Crooner and Farmer

Phyllis Robins (Mrs. A. C. Astor in private life) is making one of her rare appearances on the London stage in Lupino Lane's new musical show, *Meet Me Victoria*, which is at the Victoria Palace. For the last four years she has been concentrating on farming, with just a broadcast or a concert for the troops every now and then. Her farm is in Cumberland, and not content with the 58 acres which she owns, she also rents a farm next door. A Sheffield girl, born of non-theatrical parents, Phyllis has the soil in her blood for, way back, ancestors of hers were farmers. It is the life she loves best of all, in spite of the fact that ploughing and tractor-driving gave her such acute rheumatism at one time that she had to go around with both arms in slings. But she has one other ambition—to appear on the legitimate stage in a straight role. It is hoped that her next part in London will see the realisation of this ambition

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Dinner Party

THE first social "get together" in London of the Empire Prime Ministers now assembled here for their first wartime conference was at Buckingham Palace, at a dinner party given by Their Majesties to welcome them here. The absence of the State gold plate, which is still safely hidden away in a deep and bomb-proof shelter, the austere tone of the women's dresses, the plain Service dress or dinner-jackets which men guests wore in place of the glittering uniforms and colourful orders of pre-war days, robbed the occasion of much of the splendour and magnificence traditionally associated with Palace dinner parties. Nevertheless, the friendly atmosphere, the sparkle of conversation between the Empire statesmen, with their wide and diverse

experiences, and, above all, the welcoming charm of the King and Queen, who were obviously delighted at the opportunity of having all the heads of His Majesty's Governments throughout the world gathered together round their own table, made the function a brilliant success and a happy augury for the outcome of the important talks which have since taken place.

Palace Guests

THE Duke of Gloucester, with his naturally eager interest in Australia and the Australian people, found much to talk over with Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, whose first meeting with the King and Queen this was. The Duchess of Kent was another of the Royal Family guests, and Mr. Winston Churchill, his face lit with the beaming smile



Earl Jellicoe and His Bride

The marriage of Major Earl Jellicoe, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Patricia Christine O'Kane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah O'Kane, of Shanghai, took place in the garrison chapel, Beirut, on March 23



W/O. the Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill, sister of Lord Sempill, left the church with Lady Lonsdale



Lorna Countess Howe arrived by herself at the service. She is the widow of the fourth Earl Howe



The Duchess of Newcastle is seen leaving after the service. She is the present Duke's aunt



Lady Bruntisfield was another who attended the memorial service. Her husband was created a Baron in 1942

At St. Martin's for Lord Lonsdale's Memorial Service

he reserves for specially great occasions, was in great form as he talked to one after the other of his Dominion colleagues. Lord Cranborne, who, as Dominions Secretary, has a special interest in the Conference, was another member of the Home Government present. Mrs. Churchill and Lady Cranborne both accompanied their husbands.

The Royal Academy

MR. JAMES GUNN's excellent portrait of His Majesty, which shows the King in his favourite uniform as Admiral of the Fleet, is destined to hang in the Belgian Club in London, a gift from the British Council. It has a special distinction of its own, for the King, contrary to usual custom, did not give Mr. Gunn sittings at Buckingham Palace, but went instead to the artist's studio in Pembroke Walk several times, sometimes accompanied by the Queen, to sit for an hour between talks with Cabinet Ministers and other State business. It is possibly because of these visits that Mr. Gunn has been able to get such a human and expressive portrait of the King; obviously every artist must feel freer to express himself in the familiar surroundings of his own studio than in the somewhat awe-inspiring and overwhelming dignity of Buckingham Palace.

At the Private View

As usual, the Galleries were well filled and a little groups of people were gathered round paintings in which they had a special interest. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harcourt, for instance, were standing with Lord and Lady Mottistone looking at the portrait of their daughter, "Section Officer Mary Harcourt, W.A.A.F.," as the catalogue called her, and they were joined by Mr. "Shakespeare" Morrison. Lady Simon came before lunch; so did Lady Milne, who was proudly showing the portraits sent in by her son, the Hon. George Milne, from his prisoner-of-war camp in Germany, two of which were hanging on the line. Pretty, blonde Lady Anderson was there; so were Lady Plender, Mrs. Joseph Mackle, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, and the Hon. Donough and Mrs. O'Brien, who were deep in conversation with Sir Ronald Storrs. Pictures are on pp. 169, 175, 176, 177.

London Gardens

AMONG the lucky owners of a garden in London is Marie Lady Willingdon. The paved garden at her home in Lygon Place is lovely just now with forsythia and prunus in full bloom, and tulips and late daffodils making a glorious splash of colour in the beds. For the

(Continued on page 170)

To Be Married

Swæbe

Capt. Timothy Tufnell, Grenadier Guards, younger son of Col. and Mrs. Neville C. Tufnell, of Sunninghill, Berks, and Miss Pamela Dione Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Parker, of 20, Sussex Place, Regents Park, are engaged





Prince and Princess Birabongse came together. He has a bronze and she has two paintings in the exhibition



Lady Gregory was at the private view with Lady Milne, who came in uniform



With his wife was Lt.-Cdr. David Ewart, whose portrait of Sir Andrew Cunningham is exhibited

Private View Day

At the Royal Academy



Above is Mrs. Munnings, wife of Mr. A. J. Munnings, the new President of the Royal Academy



Mr. James Gunn, whose "Pauline in the Yellow Dress" was bought by Preston Art Gallery, was with Sir William Reid Dick



A familiar figure on Royal Academy Private View days is Lady Alexander, who attended as usual this year



Mr. E. Whitney Smith arrived with Mr. George Belcher, who has seven pictures hung. He has not exhibited for some years



Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, brought his wife to see the pictures at the Academy

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

special benefit of her three Pekes, "meadows" have recently been added. These consist of plots of grass set at the end of the garden, which are, of course, the special property of the Pekes. When the late Lord Willingdon bought the house nearly thirty years ago, he took over an extra garage so that he could transform it into a squash court. The court is still there, a happy reminder of the days when both Lady Willingdon and her husband were keen players. On the wall is a masthead lamp—a souvenir of the celebrated yacht *Sunbeam*, owned by Lady Willingdon's father, the late Lord Brassey.

Another lovely London garden is at 35, Lowndes Square, the home of Violet Lady Melchett. At the moment her six cherry-trees are laden with bloom—a glorious sight—and soon the lilac, laburnum, iris and rhododendron will all be flowering. It has been a most wonderful spring for blossom, and certainly Lady Melchett's garden must bring a lot of happiness to the workers who knit and sew there daily for the Army, Navy and Air Force. Quite recently, the Queen visited the workrooms and delighted everyone by speaking to each and every worker there.

News from Perthshire

FROM Perthshire comes news of that remarkable woman, the Hon. Mrs. Stirling of Keir, who is an aunt of Lord Lovat. Apart from running the big auxiliary hospital (which occupies most of the house) and the dairy farm next door, Mrs. Keir has just started a new venture—a saw-mill which literally turns out pit-props by the yard. And, even so, she still has time to supervise the family brickworks near Glasgow, in the place of her son, the young Laird, who is abroad serving with the Commandos. The Laird's wife is looking after their small son, Archie, as well as one of the family's well-known herds of shorthorns.

Near London

HAM COMMON is becoming a very popular part of "near" London nowadays, and quite a number of people have taken to living



Swaebe

Naval Hero's Family

Mrs. Richards, widow of Lt. G. D. K. Richards, D.S.C., R.N., who lost his life while leading "little ships" in a Channel engagement, was photographed at her home at Ascot. Her sons are William and Christopher

there. It is not long since the Duke of Westminster had a house there, and others enjoying the fine air and lovely views over the Common have been Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Sir Philip and Lady Game (he has been Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police since 1935), Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Francis and Lady Peek, and General and Mrs. Jack Nation. New arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Antony Drexel Biddle, Junr., and now it seems that Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is putting up her house, Orford Hall, for sale. It is not much more than two years since she inherited it from Col. Spencer Pratt, since when she has made it into a lovely home, all white, with deep-blue furnishings reminiscent of the velvet chairs

which she and her husband occupied in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation. (Sir Weldon was one of the Earl Marshal's Gold Staff Officers who opened the doors of the Abbey to the King and Queen, and was officer on guard at the door while Their Majesties were robing there.) This popular couple are constantly entertaining at Orford Hall. The other week-end Marie Lady Willingdon went down, and so did Lord and Lady Ormonde, Sir Firoz Khan Noon, Sir Henry and Lady Dale (he is head of the Royal Society), and General and Lady Riddell-Westber.

(Concluded on page 184)



Oratory Christening

Mrs. Cavanaugh-Mainwaring, whose small son was christened Charles Rafe at Brompton Oratory, is the wife of Cdr. M. K. Cavanaugh-Mainwaring, R.N., the submarine commander who won the D.S.O. in action with the submarine *Tuna*



Johnson, Oxford

The Duke of Marlborough's Granddaughter is Christened

Serena Mary Russell, daughter of Lt. E. F. and Lady Sarah Russell, was christened recently at Woodstock. In this group, taken after the ceremony, are the Duke of Marlborough, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, Lady Elizabeth Douglas-Scott, Lady Sarah Russell and the baby, the Marquess of Blandford, Lt. Russell, the Rev. Harold Pickles, Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill and the Duchess of Marlborough



Richmond Christening

Capt. the Hon. John and Mrs. Acland-Hood are seen with their baby daughter, christened Sylvia at Richmond Parish Church. Capt. Acland-Hood is heir presumptive to his brother, Lord St. Audries



The Hon. John and Mrs. Grimston with Their Daughters

The Grimston Girls are Growing Up



Gorhambury, Home of Lord Verulam

Here They are in Hertfordshire

When last they appeared on these pages, two years ago, Elizabeth and Hermione were very small fry; now they are young ladies of four and a half and two and a half respectively. Their father, F/O. the Hon. John Grimston, M.P. for St. Albans, is the Earl of Verulam's second son, and his wife was Miss Marjorie Ray Duncan before their marriage in 1938. They are living at Lord Verulam's home, Gorhambury, St. Albans, where these pictures were taken



Picking Daffodils for the House

*Photographs by
Swaebe*



A Ride for Elizabeth and Hermione



The Hon. John Grimston Supervises the Seesaw

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A RECENT newspaper photographic-strip showing various types of beard flaunted by the Lower Deck at the moment was charming but essentially decorous, as even admirals' face-shrubbery has to be. The Gielgud No. 5 seemed favourite. We also noted a Mark IV Joad; full of miscellaneous verbal debris, we guessed.

Obviously their Lordships in Whitehall permit no Renaissance or even Victorian fantasy, and they're right. Something like a Tolstoy or a Karl Marx (*né* Mordecai) pattering up and down the decks might daze a Yeoman of Signals and lose a battle. Have you ever studied photographs of those two Messiahs? They were one boiling maelstrom of hair, out of which peeped angry little eyes, highly disconcerting. In Tolstoy's case this fuzz undoubtedly sapped his vitality. The French journalist Jules Huret was lunching with him at Novoye-Vremna one day—the only other guest being an extremely hostile and tiresome Hindu philosopher—when a servant entered with two bottles of vintage claret. The Hindu rose at once, interrupting the Tolstoy monologue, and threw both bottles out of the window in the name of Freedom, Herbert Spencer, Total Abstinence, the Single Transferable Vote, and Universal Brotherhood. Instead of throwing the prig firmly after it, Tolstoy threw himself in tears on his knees and begged his Oriental buddy's forgiveness for asking him to pack up and beat it home to Mother India forthwith. An undignified row followed. Such scenes were common in the Tolstoy ménage, apparently.

You'd get the same thing, given similar face-decorations, in any Naval mess, probably. Or at any rate a lot of sociological hysteria and neurotic yoops. Their Lordships know their stuff.

Problem

WHIMSY born of admiration is no bad thing, discreetly used, but we wondered if Commander King-Hall, M.P., tossed feverishly on his pillow to any extent after telling a stolid Lancashire assembly that the Unknown Housewife should be buried as a heroine in Westminster Abbey.

If you buried the Unknown Housewife in the Abbey you'd certainly have to bury next to her the Unknown Grocer, who has had to cope with her for four years. And the Unknown Grocer's Wife, a heroine on whom he takes it out after shop-hours. And the Unknown Grocer's Wife's Sister Ivy, who rallies to her assistance over the suppertable. And maybe the Unknown Bert, who takes the said Ivy, his fiancée, to the pictures. And perhaps the Unknown Consoling Blonde whom Bert takes to the pictures on Wednesdays and Fridays, when deemed to be on night-shift. We can see the Dean and Chapter raising a well-arched eyebrow over this problem, a much more complicated one than the Unknown Goldfish affair of World War I, of which you have heard.



"What is the least common multiple of 500?
Come, now: think of a 500-lb. bomb!"

Footnote

ACTUALLY, a chap tells us, there is an Abbey monument in position now which (to him) portrays vividly the Unknown Housewife being struck dead with a dart by the Unknown Grocer in pettish mood—the huge and hideous Nightingale Monument. Along with a few other monstrous Georgian confections which defile the Abbey it might well, he suggests, be removed, as a salute to the Rosy Dawn, before any more national monuments are planned. He expects this healing work to be undertaken about the time of the coming of the Cocqgrues.

Hobby

ALL Greeks being traditionally crazy about politics, the recent mutinies in the Greek Middle East forces are probably attributed accurately by the Fleet Street experts to disagreement over Government policy.

It would make our Parliamentary boys retch with envy, we guess, to see the crowds in the Athenian cafes in normal times hungrily snapping up edition after edition of the evening papers to see what their dear politicians have been talking about all day. The Athenians inherit this peculiar habit, we guess, from their sprightly forefathers in the Agora, who also received a gentle crack from St. Paul, if you remember, for their perpetual snooping after novelties. Not that native restlessness has got the Greeks anywhere to speak of since Constantine, or somebody, closed the last Schools of Athens, but the spectacle of masses of people taking politics seriously is always interesting, and we'd be the first to agree that in theory it's only right and proper. The admitted apathy of the Race often used to disgust us—we were sick in a No. 11 bus once through thinking of it—and if it weren't for knowing a few politicians personally we'd feel miserable about it still. But we realise now that the Race's attitude is pure fatalism, like that of a huge dazed cow about to take the knock. For the Great Rosy Dawn is upon us, and nothing on earth can avert it.

Enigma

BIBLIOPHILES who pay £500 for a first edition on account of a misplaced comma on page 256 are a perpetual target for the satiric boys, but not for us. We

(Concluded on page 174)



"Stop pointing, Brontë—this is the nesting season"



Fred Daniels

“Perfect Strangers”: Deborah Kerr and Robert Donat

Deborah Kerr and Robert Donat are to be the two stars of the new M.-G.-M. production *Perfect Strangers*, which is being made at Denham. They have already been seen together on the stage—in *Heartbreak House*—but this will be their first screen partnership. The film tells the story of a young married couple separated by war. The husband goes into the Navy, the wife into the W.R.N.S. Emotional crisis nearly succeeds in breaking up their married life, but all ends well, and in light-comedy fashion the post-war problems of young married couples reunited after war service are satisfactorily dealt with. Wartime London and the war zones of the Mediterranean provide the background. The film is being directed by Wesley Ruggles, who has come over from Hollywood to resume production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British under the guiding hand of Sir Alexander Korda

Standing By ...

(Continued)

deem their singular hobby to be no more criminal or futile than collecting stamps or watching cricket.

However, a recent Victorian first edition sold for £260 on account of two words wrongly placed in one sentence interested us enough to consult a wealthy bibliophile friend about it. The conversation went as follows:

"I don't think it was a printer's error. The author, notoriously a kindhearted man, probably did it deliberately."

"Why?"

"To make some future bibliophile happy for life and spare his wife a lot of beatings."

"Do bibliophiles beat their wives?"

"Regularly, between sales."

"Why?"

"Well, paying a couple of hundred or so for a misplaced semicolon leads to a neurotic condition known as Sotheby's Lesion. The patient finds that the world is against him and that vampire-bats are draining his life-blood through his toes."

"But bibliophiles' wives are not vampires?"

"No, but they all know bibliophiles' blood is good for a spotty skin."

He would say no more and we left it at that. It sounds odd, though. Damned odd.

Isle

It was on the pale western sands of Eriskay in the Outer Hebrides—shortly to be sold, apparently, with the sister islands of North Uist and Benbecula, to "a London business man"—that Prince Charles Edward landed from France on a wet July day in 1745. The great-granddaughter of the man who carried the Prince ashore through the surf is still living there or was till recently. She will be able to

talk to the London business man, which is always a life-long thrill to us simple Celts.

No native of the Outer Hebrides has ever burst into the current booky racket like the natives of the mystic Blaskets off the south-west coast of Ireland, of which the Irish say that their principal import is typewriters. Three charming autobiographies in limpid English prose have already come from Great Blasket Island. Perhaps in unchanging Eriskay melancholy for a lost and magic vision hangs too heavy to inspire even Gaelic verse. The island is even more strongly haunted than the head of Loch Shiel, where the Prince's banner was raised, where his statue stands on its column, and where a memorial tablet in the chapel is engraved "Charles Edward Stuart, R.I.P."

Eriskay is therefore just the place for a mass-production tailoring, synthetic rubber, or canned-fish factory, and we're amazed that it has escaped so long.

Footnote

MEANWHILE we envy that native of Eriskay, having once met a London business man ourselves in the wild, haunted Black Mountains of Wales, by the ruins of Llanthony Abbey. Under a sky full of doom and faëry he told us all about the Copper Ramp.



"I didn't really want any shoes—my feet were just killing me"

Elegy

SIGNED by a poet named Gray, another little Whitehall elegy or nocturne in obvious free verse has come to us, beginning:

I.

The Footwear (Manufacture and Supply) (No. 3) Directions, 1942, S. R. & O. 1942 (No. 1846), II, p. 362, the Footwear (Manufacture and Supply) (No. 5) Directions, 1942, S. R. & O. 1942 (No. 2062), II, p. 370, the Footwear (Manufacture and Supply) (No. 6) Directions, 1943, S. R. & O. 1943 (No. 7), and the Footwear (Manufacture and Supply) (No. 9) Directions, 1943, S. R. & O. (No. 334), are hereby revoked, but any licence issued thereunder shall have effect for the purposes of these Directions as if it were issued under them.

If we were setting this for orchestra, solo, and chorus the brass would give out the sombre opening theme, developed by the strings and semi-chorus. On the word "revoked" the solo soprano would emit a sudden fortissimo yell of hate and despair like Madame Butterfly shouting the odds against Lieut. Pinkerton, U.S.N. A soothing close-harmony ensemble at "But any licence," etc., with muted strings and harp arpeggi would then reassure the stricken audience, and maybe towards the end we'd have a nude Civil Servant Class I in a bowler hat run swiftly in a wheelbarrow across the platform, waving an exquisitely-rolled umbrella and releasing red and green Vêry lights and flocks of pure white doves, symbolising Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, and Chastity, handing Civic Co-Operation to Marshall and Snelgrove, or some such allegory.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"They're Russian bears, so we're giving them a salute of 121 buns"

Royal Academy of Art, 1944

Portraits of Men



H.M. King Haakon of Norway
By T. C. Dugdale, R.A.



H.E. Ivan Maisky
By Margaret Lindsay-Williams



Sir Henry H. Dale, G.B.E.
By Francis Dodd, R.A.



Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.
By Cuthbert Orde

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Geoffrey Dawson, Esq.
By Francis Dodd, R.A.

Royal Academy

Portrait



Mrs. Geoffrey Hirst
By David Jagger



The Lady Ashbourne
By Arnold Mason, A.R.A.

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Section Officer Mary Harcourt, W.A.A.F.
By W. G. de Glehn, R.A.



The Hon. Lady Frankland
By W. G. de Glehn, R.A.

my of Art, 1944

its of Women



E. Liddiard
Flora Lion
"Royal Academy Illustrated"



Mrs. J. Baker-Cresswell
By A. K. Lawrence, R.A.



Pauline in the Yellow Dress
By James Gunn



The Hon. Mrs. Benjamin Bathurst
By Cuthbert Orde



Mrs. David Verey and Children
By the Hon. Neville Lytton

The Esmond Knights

Together in Gielgud's Production
of "Crisis in Heaven"


When Eric Linklater's *Crisis in Heaven* opens at the Lyric Theatre to-night, it will bring Esmond Knight back to the London theatre for the first time since his blindness, and with him, for the first time in the West End, his wife, Frances Clare. Esmond Knight was blinded while serving aboard H.M.S. Prince of Wales. His sight has been partially restored by operation and he says it is improving all the time. He has appeared in several films since he was invalided out of the Navy, among them *The Silver Fleet*, *Henry V.* and *The Halfway House*. In *Crisis in Heaven* he has the part of Private Courage, a character in whom is embodied the heroic spirit of the British soldier as he has existed since the days of Agincourt.



Actress Frances Clare

Frances Clare and Esmond Knight first met when they were both members of the Birmingham Repertory Company touring in *Yellow Sands* late in the nineteen-twenties. They were both then a little over twenty years old. Soon afterwards they were married and have a daughter, Rosalind, now aged ten. They live in Chelsea.

Photographs by
Judith Craig,
John Vickers



Esmond Knight, ex-Lieut. R.N.V.R., Blinded in the Bismarck Action



Irish Racing : The Naas Meeting Held on Baldoyle Racecourse, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Lennox Livingstone-Learmonth and Mrs. Gerald Annesley, wife of the well-known Irish owner and daughter-in-law of Lady Mabel Annesley, were together

Lt. Michael Villiers-Stuart and his wife were there. She is a daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Fowler, and Mrs. Fowler, of Tullycarnet, Croft, Knock, Belfast

Mrs. Val Reddan (née Clarrie Tiernan), winner of the Irish Women's Golf Championship in 1936, and the New Jersey title in 1937, was with Miss Grace Maxwell

Mrs. Luke Lillingston and Mrs. Evan Williams, a new recruit to Irish owners, were in the paddock. Mrs. Lillingston is the Earl of Harrington's mother

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Tommy Hitchcock

LIKE that other towering figure in the world of polo, Dev Milburn, Tommy Hitchcock, whose death in a flying accident in this country on April 18th is deeply regretted by all who knew him, was an International in more than one sense, for he had a foot in two countries, his own and ours, and he was equally popular in both. We saw a lot of him over here from 1921 onwards, when he was a unit of the American side which took back that International Westchester Cup which we had won in 1914. He was also in the victorious American teams of 1924, 1927, 1930 and 1939, this last announced as his swan song in Big Polo, and, as events have unhappily turned out, it has been that of a good many other people also, for it is impossible

to believe that this great and ancient game can come back, either in America or here, for another two generations. Like Dev Milburn, who died from a heart attack on the Meadowbrook Golf Course on August 15th, 1942, Tommy Hitchcock went up to Oxford, but he was not there very long, since he was serving in the Escadrille Lafayette of American airmen fighting for France when he was turned seventeen. He was only forty-four when he was killed. Like Dev, he was no light weight, immensely powerful and entirely fearless. Likewise, he was, as all the Americans are whom I have ever seen, a master of the long ball in the right direction, and, particularly like Dev Milburn, was deadly accurate on both sides of the pony. In those 1939 matches the American side

totalled thirty-seven goals on handicap to our thirty, and they beat us 11-7 and 9-4. Their team was, front to back, Michael Phipps (10), Tommy Hitchcock (10), Stewart Iglehart (10), Winston Guest (7). A third match on handicap was played when America put in her "dream" 40-goal side with Cecil Smith (10) vice Winston Guest. They gave us a 10-goal start, and we just beat them 16-14, playing John Lakin vice Aidan Roark. The last line I wrote in this paper about those 1939 matches was: "If the whole world is not in ashes by 1942 he (Bob Skene of Goulburn, our No. 1) will play for England again." This was published in this paper on June 21st, 1939.

For the Racing Enthusiast

IN his speech to the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, Lord Rosebery related how, when he went out to meet one of the ships bringing back our prisoners of war from Germany, one of the first things he was asked was how racing was going on. My own post-bag from furrin parts and from soldiers not prisoners of war confirms this impression of the great interest taken in racing, and of the relief which working out little racing problems affords to many whose lives are made up of long periods of boredom and short periods of staggering

(Concluded on page 180)



"The Royal Academy Illustrated"

Charlie Wood, Butcher : On Canvas and in the Flesh

On the left we see Charlie Wood "on the line" at the Royal Academy, and above as he appeared when posing for the photographer. Thirteen years ago a portrait of Joe Brazier, landlord of the Chequers, brought fame to Mr. Kirby, and this year's picture is proving equally successful for the artist

"This Week's Ration," by J. Kynerley Kirby, is a portrait of Charlie Wood, butcher at Chequers, Bishops Stortford, in his shop. Before him on the slab lies a mutton chop worth 1s. 2d., one person's ration for one week



The Duke of Beaufort represented the King at the service, which was held at St.-Martin-in-the-Fields. He is Master of the Horse to His Majesty



Sir Walter Gilbey, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley and Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort were amongst those present. Capt. Boyd-Rochfort trains the King's racehorses



Mr. McNeill and Mr. John Dewar were in the congregation. Many of Lord Lonsdale's friends were representing the various forms of sport in which he was interested

Friends of the Late Earl of Lonsdale Attend His Memorial Service

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

fright. And it is not only the soldiers abroad, but many of them on isolated gun sites, and so forth, who find trying to pick winners a pretty good antidote for that browned-off feeling. I have had a letter from the North-Transvaal from a most intelligent enthusiast. So how about a few more sums, or the material for them, for some of the chaps for this coming season, which, let us hope, will go through in spite of all that we know is going to happen? What will win the Derby? What will win the Oaks? But perhaps we ought first of all to say: What will win the Two Thousand and what will win the One Thousand?

Purely Personal

IN a recent note, I said that if someone held a pistol to my head and demanded that I should name the winners of the first two classics within thirty seconds, I should say: "Orestes the Two Thousand and Lady Wyn (Lady Maderty filly) the One Thousand," a nice opening double for Miss Dorothy Paget! It is never much good saying a thing unless you hang some kind of a reason on to it. So let's go! The Two Thousand for Orestes: reason—because he must have beaten Happy Landing in the Middle Park at least a length, or probably more, if he had come the shortest way home. The official short head, I suggest to Trooper, Private or Airman Enthusiast, is misleading. Another, and even more personal reason: I like him a lot better on his make and shape than I do Happy Landing. He is much better balanced, and whatever may happen beyond the mile, I am convinced that Orestes will lay all of them out at that distance. This in spite of that recent failure in that race at a false pace at Windsor. Some say he will not stay: probably not. However, that's that for the moment: he wins the Two Thousand, and Effervescence is the most dangerous to his chances. The One Thousand for Lady Wyn: reason—not only because she beat Gustator and Happy Landing at the sex allowance on September 17th in the Rous Stakes last season, but because she was only beaten half a length by

Tudor Maid in June (Benfield Stakes) at Ascot, carrying the squelcher of 9 st. 3 lb. The winner was getting 5 lb., so that at level weights Lady Wyn must have won comfortably. The Official Handicapper says that she is 3 lb. behind Tudor Maid and 7 lb. behind Happy Landing. I suggest to Trooper, Private and Airman Enthusiast that this does not add up. Lady Wyn is another after my own heart on make and shape, plus action. She puts them down right. The Handicapper says that she is 3 lb. better than Mrs. Mops, and I feel sure that he is right, for Tommy Handley's friend is very disappointing. If she is, then she cannot be much, if anything, behind the flying Fair Fame, who only beat

Mrs. Mops three-quarters of a length in the Queen Mary Stakes (June 18th, 1943). On my reckoning, therefore, Lady Wyn is as good as Fair Fame and, en passant, I would rather back the latter in the cool of the autumn than in the fire of the spring. Again a purely personal hunch from observation.

What Wins the Derby?

THAT'S asking, is not it? —If Orestes wins the Guineas he will go out a roasting-hot favourite: he stands at 10 to 1 at the moment. I think, as already said, that he will win the Two Thousand, and that he is entitled, on the Middle Park and other form, to have been the winter favourite for the big race, but all the same, something will very probably pip him in the Derby. Again a purely personal impression. The "something" might be His Majesty's very nice colt Fair Gint, who was so narrowly beaten in the 7 furlongs Dewhurst by the grey Effervescence by Mr. Jinks. Fair Gint is by Hyperion out of Maiden Fair, and therefore has the right blood both sides: he is a well-made, neatly-coupled colt, light as a fairy on his feet, and is in the hands of one of the best trainers in the kingdom—Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort. He was very new to warfare when he ran in the Dewhurst, but he shaped like a fighter. He is very small, but he won at a mile as a two-year-old. If Rockefeller is right on the day, he ought not to be allowed to run loose. At the moment we know very little about him. And now two more idols have been discovered with feet of clay. I have all along refrained from joining in the chorus of praise of Tudor Maid. I consider that she has been over-publicised with no facts to warrant it. She was made favourite for the Oaks and very nearly favourite for the One Thousand. On this gallop in the 1 mile Southern Stakes at Salisbury she cannot possibly win either of these races. There may be an explanation, but on paper she has no chance at all. Growing Confidence, Tudor Maid's conqueror, was only out once as a two-year-old—a poor third in a 6-furlong race at Ascot to Mustang and Rockefeller at level weights. There is equally no excuse for Fair Fame. This is just to start you talking, Trooper, Private and Airman. He is my idea of a danger to all of them.



Mixed Bag at the Races: By "The Tout"

Lord Durham came to see his useful grey colt, Cinqufoil, run at the Craven meeting. He finished third to the outsider, Peace Envoy, but was "running on," and may have to be reckoned with for the Guineas. At the same meeting, Lord Durham won the Fillies' Stakes (Div. II.) with his two-year-old Full Speed, a daughter of Spray by Precipitation. J. Sime is "Jack" Waugh's smart apprentice, now in the R.A.S.C. He won several races a couple of seasons ago on Major John Baillie's filly. The daughter Versicle has now gone to stud. At the recent Craven Meeting Sime won the Breyby Handicap on Tipstaff, who used to belong to the King, but is now in Percy Whitaker's stable, and owned by Mr. E. Dee. Ken Gethin, who has ridden many winners in his time, used to live at Epsom, but is now at Newmarket, where his services are in great demand

On Active Service



Officers at an R.N. Air Station

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Lt. Morgan, R.N.V.R., Rev. McCallum, Major Patullo, Lt.-Cdr. Ducat-Hammersley, R.N., Surg. Cdr. Roberts, R.N.V.R., Cdr. Croxford, D.S.C., R.N., Pay-Cdr. Best, R.N., Pay-Lt.-Cdr. Hopkinson, R.N.V.R., 1st O. Williams, W.R.N.S. Middle row: Lts. Wolfe, R.N.V.R., Ruddock, R.N.V.R., Gibson, R.N.V.R., Surg. Lt. Kippin, R.N., Pay-Lt. Mountford, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Gyspeerd, R.N.V.R., Lts. Waters, R.M., Lloyd, D.S.C., R.N., Surg. Lt. Dorrell, Lt. Pickett, R.N.V.R. Back row: Surg. Lt. Shaw, R.N.V.R., Mr. Whitehouse, R.N., Mr. Troke, R.N., Sub-Lt. Harman, R.N.V.R., Mr. Wise, R.N., Mr. Stephenson, R.N., Mr. Endine, R.N., Lts. Corpes, R.N.V.R., Haywood, R.N.V.R.



Officers of a Regiment of the Indian Armoured Corps

Officers and King's commissioned Indian officers of the King George's Own Light Cavalry: front row: Lts. J. Manners, E. G. Waddilove, Vohra, Capt. S. Khan (I.A.M.C.), Lts. Hassan, A. W. Atkinson, R. Bucknell, G. Trow. Middle row: Majors A. D. Best, D. M. Dodkins, P. St. J. Cox, the Commandant, Majors R. D. Gordon, J. D. R. Veale, Capt. B. F. B. Gaskin, E. F. Le M. Preston. Back row: Lts. D. H. St. L. Morris, Narindar Singh, Capt. R. J. K. Knatchbull-Hugessen, Baljit Singh, J. R. B. Roberts, J. A. Cutforth, Lts. Virk D. Lacey Scott, G. V. Jones, Capt. W. Storey (I.E.M.E.)



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Scottish R.A.F. Station and Their W.A.A.F. Staff Officers

Front row: S/O. A. S. Wright, S/Ldr. L. R. Sagar, Flt/O. G. A. Wilson. Back row: S/O. Reid, F/Lt. J. H. Herbertson, M.C. (Adj.), S/O. F. R. Addison



Officers of H.M.S. Loyal

Lt. J. A. Syms, D.S.C., R.N., Sub-Lt. C. N. Marlow, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E) J. E. J. Nottidge, R.N., Sub-Lt. T. M. Sutton-Mattocks, R.N.V.R., Mid. C. M. Contomichalos, R.H.N., Lt. A. V. M. Diamond, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. H. E. F. Tweedie, D.S.C., R.N., Mr. A. J. Newby, Gnr. (T), R.N., Surg-Lt. J. R. A. Hall, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. H. E. Howard, R.N., Mid. C. Xenos, R.H.N.



McGeachie

Officers of an R.E. Combined Operations Unit

Front row: Capt. H. W. Collins, Major J. Campbell, Lt.-Col. A. R. Mais, Major J. White, Capt. A. Galloway, R.S.F. Back row: Capt. F. A. Fox, D. R. McNab, Lt. R. J. Stone, Capt. W. R. Reardon-Smith, Lt. J. Fallon, Capt. J. H. Davison, Lt. R. P. Lewis



Andrew Paterson

Officers of a Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment

Front row: Capt. W. N. Breach, Major C. A. Boycott, Capt. H. K. Merriam, the Commanding Officer, a Colonel, Majors J. G. M. B. Gough, P. W. G. Papillon, D. W. McCaffrey, Capt. R. G. Ryley. Second row: Lt. D. N. Garle, Capt. H. C. Elliott, H. G. Woodall, R.A.D.C., J. S. Coppock, A. H. Claxton, K. G. Mayhew, W. P. Spurgin, W. H. Archdall, P. A. Robinson, R.A.M.C., Lt. S. Hemingway. Back row: Lts. G. N. Casson, R. J. Garnham, D. J. Lumb, P. Keville, F. M. B. Russell, T. J. F. Tooley, A. C. L. Sperting, 2nd Lt. A. V. Stevens, Lts. E. A. Tribe, M. L. Wilson, F. N. Matthews

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Silence

C. V. WEDGWOOD'S *William the Silent* (Cape; 18s.) should dispel for ever from the mind of the reader any picture of glum taciturnity. This William of Orange, who laid the foundation of the Netherlands' freedom, was partly forced, and perhaps partly chose, to stand, and to make decisions, alone. Yet he not only trusted his friends; he was to be at times reproached with being too unsuspicious of possible enemies. He had none of the unattractiveness that one associates with a "cautious" character. On the surface his manner was fluid, communicative, easygoing and gay; he had, if anything, in his youth an almost inordinate liking for being liked. And liked he was—this good-looking young prince of the Renaissance, brought up in the suavest luxury of contemporary courts. William, in fact, was formed by, and owed a part of his nature to, that very regime that he was to oppose: his aristocratic qualities made him the only leader for what was to be an anti-aristocratic party. Yes, liked he was, in his youth, before his innate greatness had had, almost against his will, to answer a stern call. He was disliked, or at least mistrusted, only by that crabbed minority who find it possible for a young man to be too charming. He had critics before the opening-up of his life surrounded him with declared enemies.

Miss Wedgwood speaks, in excellent definition, of William's "controlled pride." Perhaps the existence of this controlled pride was felt by those who mistrusted him. Behind this charm, behind this apparent accessibility to equals and gentleness to inferiors, it was possible to preserve the essential secretiveness that, incorrectly translated into "silence," got William of Orange his in these days misleading name. Cardinal Granvelle, Alva's agent and William's lifelong enemy, called the Prince of Orange "sly." There were to be times, when even supporters chafed under William's courteous refusals to be explicit. His vision exceeded that of the people round him; also, this one-time protégé of an Emperor was a good deal more adult than the Netherlands burghers in his sense of reality—his policy could not but appear devious; he was to be accused, at the very height of the struggle, of uncertain loyalties, if not of downright betrayals. "William the Silent" kept his own counsel; at the cost of a strain that bore on him heavily, that was on the way to shortening his term of life when an assassin's pistol finished the work off.

Great School

WILLIAM'S dates were 1533-84. He was the eldest son of William, Count of Nassau-Dillenburg, and was reared, to the age of eleven years, in the homely, unpretentious and rustic atmosphere of the paternal Rhineland estates. His mother, Juliana (to whom, I suppose, we may trace the association of this

Christian name with the House of Orange), was a fine and a doughty woman: the more the merrier appears to have been her view of children, for to the Nassau-Dillenburg flock of seventeen (both she and her husband had been married before, and there had been children of both marriages) she added outsiders: she turned the Dillenburg castle into an effectively-run home school. Young William's lot, however, was cast elsewhere. His cousin René, Prince of Orange ("a minute but technically independent State in the heart of France"), had made William his heir: as René was young and healthy the will was not expected to take effect. But René was killed in battle: his impressive, if debt-loaded, estates, with his place in the European aristocratic order, devolved upon the Nassau boy of eleven. William became, at least in name, one of the wealthiest noblemen in Europe. Education other than a stalwart, but obscure, family and an excellent home school could provide became necessary. The little boy was deposited by his father at the great international Court of the Emperor Charles V., in Brussels. Well might he feel, as Miss Wedgwood indeed puts it, like a new boy at a great old school.

The atmosphere, however, was, given William's character, propitious. Also, the Emperor Charles V. was as nice (at least with regard to William) as his son, Philip II. of Spain, was nasty. Everything the great Court could do, which was much, was done to form the young Prince for his new position. The frontispiece portrait of *William the Silent* shows the more or less finished product: William at twenty-two.



Edward Mandinian

Vivienne Black is one of the very few women theatre managers in the West End of London. At present she is acting as General Manager for Robert Donat at the Westminster Theatre, where Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" celebrated its two-hundredth performance last night. This afternoon a special matinee of the play is being given to aid Lady Cripps's United Aid to China Fund

And these Netherlands to which William came; in whose destiny he was to play a decisive part? I cannot do better than quote Miss Wedgwood. Here she writes of the eve of resistance to Spanish rule:

The Netherlands which Philip ruled are split to-day between four separate countries: Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and France. They extended to take in Dunkirk, Arras and Cambrai in the west, and the present Grand Duchy of Luxembourg in the south. In William's time, they were in theory a part of the Holy Roman Empire, a quaint political fiction of which no one took any practical notice. There was not even any unity of language: in ten of the seventeen provinces Dutch was spoken, in six of them French. The seventeenth, Flanders, was divided between the two. French was the language of the Court and Government, a fact which had not as yet provoked the slightest resentment among the Dutch-speaking majority.

Intense local patriotism and trade rivalry between the cities kept the Netherlands in a continual excitement, but the character of these disorders was undergoing a sinister change during the last years. The capitalistic revolution had transformed the Netherlands earlier than any other European country. Where they had once been a land of rival cities, each a self-contained society with guilds, privileges and apprentices, the Netherlands were now, at least in the south, an industrialised country, with a huge and growing proletariat, and a controlling class not of merchants, but of manufacturers and financiers. Already the coal- and iron-mines of Liège, Namur and Hainault cast their sordid

(Concluded on page 184)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

JUST as a certain type of person doesn't recognise a lady or a

gentleman (I mean in character, not in terms of snobbishness and class) when they encounter them, so some people don't know a saint when they see one. He has to be on a pedestal or in a stained-glass window before they so much as bend one knee. Sometimes, indeed, I suspect a celestial snobbishness as well as a social one. There is quite a lot about in purely "churchy" places. And always I feel that my saints have only slight connection with theirs.

For instance, I know a poor Cockney woman who lost three of her children in a London blitz, who was badly injured herself by the same bomb, and whose dearly-beloved eldest son has returned home from war blinded and without his hands. Yet that poor woman remains the life and soul of all who come in contact with her. She effervesces courage and cheerfulness wherever she may go. Her son, too, has inherited his mother's unbreakable spirit, her determination to rise smiling and undaunted from fate's most bitter blows. Wherever he is, there is laughter and that high spirit which invariably surrounds the greatest fearlessness.

Again, I know a young girl who, before she was so terribly injured in the munition factory where she did her war work, must have been both pretty and fascinating in the nicest way. Now she faces her nineteenth operation and treats the prospect as if it were merely yet another

merry rendezvous with a beloved surgeon. To be in her company at any time is to be laughing and joking, as if, her physical life in ruins, the future, almost too tragic to contemplate even in imagination, were all part of life's less devastating woe. Something to be accepted and ignored. And yet. . .

Knowing these three, as well as others resembling them so greatly, I am, as a rule, unimpressed by the canonised saints. They held on to a fanatical faith and behind faith shines reward. Yet often I would wish they might vacate their pedestals and their stained-glass windows in favour of so many unknown, unheralded, unsung men and women who, being deprived of their human inheritance, yet merit, by their miraculous courage and cheerfulness, a foremost place in Heaven—though they may have broken on occasion every one of the Ten Commandments. They may not be religious in the accepted form of religion. Nevertheless, faith in both human and divine ends is centred in such as they. They are living sermons—so much more lastingly effective than merely preached ones. And this sad and disillusioning old world is full of such sermons. "Saints" they are, if to be saintly is to be miraculously endowed with a divine cheerfulness and courage in the face of disasters which at moments paralyse the imagination. The world is full of such miracles. And nearly always they are buried in the crowd. That is at once their grandeur and our misfortune.



Ian Smith, Edinburgh

Hosking — Blake

Lt. Richard Hosking, R.N.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Hosking, of Yealmpton, Devon, married Miss Pamela Blake, only daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Blake, of Tilmouth Park, Cornhill-on-Tweed, at St. Helen's, Cornhill-on-Tweed

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

**Bell — Holmes**

Mr. Keith Bell, The Gordon Highlanders, son of the late Lt.-Col. F. Bell and Mrs. Bell, of 25, Kirkgate, Thirsk, and Miss Daphne Olive Holmes, elder daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Holmes, of 7, Sloane Street, S.W., were married at Brompton Oratory

**Fitzpatrick — Campbell**

Lt.-Col. G. R. D. Fitzpatrick, The Royal Dragoons, son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. E. R. Fitzpatrick, and Miss Mary Campbell, daughter of Capt. Sir Charles and Lady Campbell, of Bembridge, I.O.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



Allwork, Tonbridge

Sutton — Peck

Mr. Wilfred Keith Sutton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sutton, of St. Anne's, West Moors, Dorset, married Miss Jean Mary Catherine Peck, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. K. B. Peck, of Holly Hill, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, at St. Thomas's, Southborough

**Sim — Levita**

Capt. John Mackay Sim, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. M. Sim, of Dunragit House, Dunragit, Wigtownshire, married Miss Dora C. P. Levita, only daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Cecil and Lady Levita, of 6, Brunswick Square, Hove, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

**Barclay — Humber**

Lt.-Col. A. H. Barclay, D.S.O., M.C., youngest son of Lt.-Col. Hubert Barclay, of Heronvale, Westcott, Surrey, married Miss Greta Ruth Humber, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Humber, of Myerscough, Heversham, Westmorland, at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 170)

Exchange and Mart

OBVIOUSLY the Supreme Commander-in-Chief, General "Ike" Eisenhower, believes in co-operation. Not only is the exchange of ideas and customs between our American Allies and ourselves proceeding apace, but also, perhaps unofficially, a few ideas about clothing. General "Ike" himself set the fashion for his invasion armies by appearing in British battle-dress as his standard wear on duty, and when I met General Browning, the British airborne leader (and in private life husband of writer Daphne du Maurier), a short time ago I noticed that he returns the compliment by wearing an American double-breasted, belted short coat over his British service dress. I believe that when the King met the parachute General on one of his recent tours he commented very favourably on this somewhat unorthodox garb.

Cocktail Party

A VERY novel cocktail party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Booker in their lovely flat at Chesterfield House recently. Mr. Booker, who is a member of Lloyd's, is closely connected with the development of our trade with Latin America, and the party had a strongly South American tinge. The Mexican Ambassador was there, as well as the Minister of Ecuador and Mr. de Sousa-Leao, Counsellor-Minister of the Brazilian Embassy; Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, who, in spite of his arduous duties, looked in for a few minutes; Lord Wolverton, just back from the U.S.A.; Lady (Camilla) Phillips, the wife of Lionel Phillips; and Kathleen Lady Drogheda, whom I had not seen for some time, and who also lives at Chesterfield House. She told me she was as interested as ever in the development of flying after the war, and thinks that trains and steamers will be a thing of the past. The Egyptian Ambassador came for a moment or two, and was joined by his fiancée, Miss Priest, who embraced the Mahommedan faith a week or so ago.



Hay Wrightson

An American Engagement of Note

The engagement of Miss Lucille Vogt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Everett Vogt, of Regents Park, to Capt. James Lewis Alston, U.S. Army, has recently been announced. Capt. Alston is a member of the well-known Atlanta family; he has been over here serving in the European Theatre of Operations nearly two years



Edward Mandinian

Exhibition of Paper Sculpture in London

An exhibition of Paper Sculpture by Tadeusz Lipski is now open at 61, St. James's Street. In the words of Mr. James Laver, "this is a most exciting exhibition . . . the work of Tadeusz Lipski is a revelation of a new world of possibilities." The artist is seen with one of his original works, "Britannia," and Countess Edward Raczyńska, who opened the exhibition

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

shadow on the land . . . The north was still rural, given over to dairy produce and livestock . . . but here, too, along the coast, fine cities were growing up based on the fishing and carrying trades . . .

But this extraordinary little strip of land, the Netherlands . . . was not only the seat of the most advanced trading and manufacturing centres of Europe, but also of its grandest, proudest and wealthiest nobility; a nobility who regarded the grandees of Spain as penniless upstarts.

Struggle

I FIND it difficult, in reviewing a book as pregnant as Miss Wedgwood's *William the Silent*, to do anything like equal justice to all its aspects. Let me correct at once an impression I may have given—that *William the Silent* is primarily the study of a character; as a novelist, I am probably predisposed to be interested in character for its own sake. Miss Wedgwood herself finds William, and shows him as, fascinating; but his importance, as she does not fail to make clear, lies in his part in and his relation to history. He was perhaps the earliest champion of the still barely formulated democratic ideal. The war he waged against Spain, at the head of the Netherlands people, was not, in its real essence, either a national, a religious or a class war (though all these violent interests came up and had to be steered between)—it was a war for freedom, as we see freedom now. We have, in *William the Silent*, an at once detailed and clear account of what would now be called a resistance movement—with Spain in Nazi Germany's place, the Inquisition preceding the Gestapo. Kept parallel with it (by the book's first-rate construction) is the development of William's responses. We see how a prince with nothing to gain from progress came, stage by stage, to espouse progress, to commit himself to an uncertain cause so completely that outside it he had, and cared to have, nothing left. *William the Silent* is a book that you should read, but, equally, can hardly fail to enjoy.

Approach to Sleep

"PLANET AND GLOW-WORM," compiled by Edith Sitwell (Macmillan; 6s.), is a book for the sleepless. "It is meant for those whose 'continual cares, fears, sorrows, dry brains,' drive rest away; it contains some of the composing and calming beauties that, in the compiler's own experience, bring happy sleep in their train."

Certainly, what is to be found here should fall like dew on the dry brain, and break the reiteration of twitching, distorted images that interpose between the wakeful one and the noble, longed-for threshold of sleep. For sleep, surely, is not simply forgetfulness; it is something better, a great unconscious beholding from which we wake reassured. We salute the wisdom of sleep when we say, of a still-to-be-made decision, "I'll sleep on it." We are aware of sleep's kindness, which has poured into us, when we awake with animosities softened, some nagging bitterness gone. But if sleep does not come to us, or, rather, if we cannot go to her—what then?

Poor Wordsworth (I mean in this case poor) has left us that perfect sonnet about sleeplessness: from "A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by" he went on to the contemplation of lovelier things; but still "could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth." Now a great poet of our day shows how her stealth is triumphant. *Planet and Glow-worm* is, Miss Sitwell says in the Preface, not a book to be dipped into at random; in it "the extracts take their various places because, between waking and sleep; we move from one state of being to another which arose from it . . . we should allow ourselves to drift through these states."

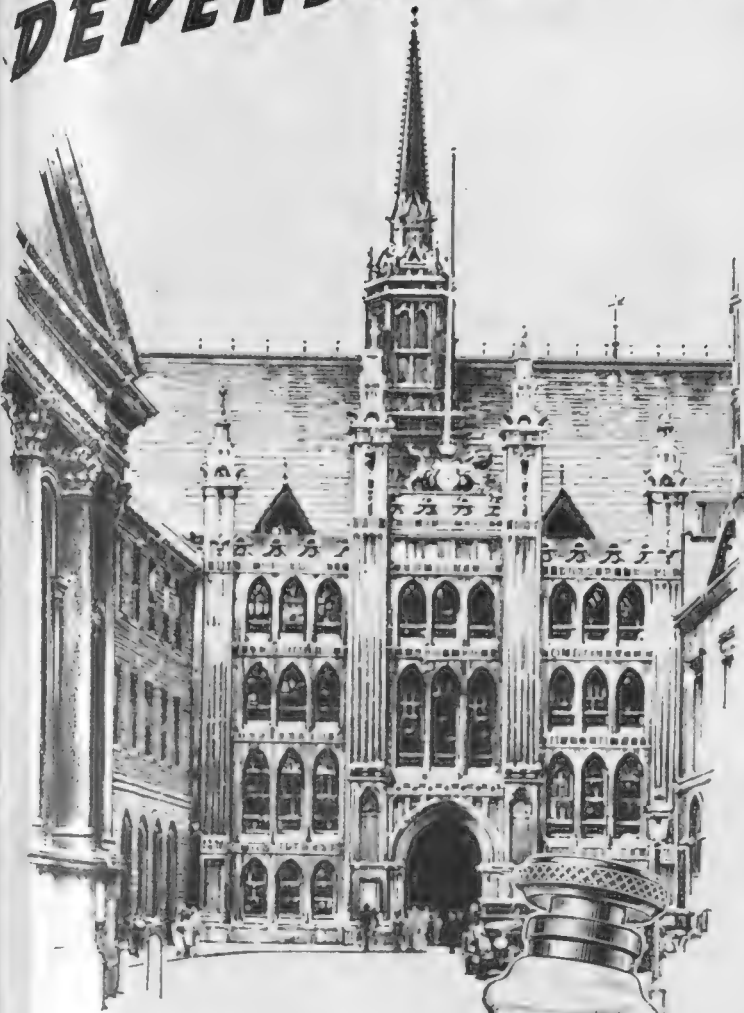
So, to read through these poems and paragraphs, in their ordained order, is like being steered in a barque down a tide between magic shores, brushed softly by overhanging leaves, seeing and smelling flowers, glancing down inlets into other worlds. Imagination becomes the saviour. Here, the pieces are chosen for their benevolent power. They come from many countries, from many times. Arthur Waley's translations from the Chinese, the siren of Gerard de Nerval, Marco Polo's Tree of the Sun, some of the strangest among the strange Blake poems, prose passages from Sir Thomas Browne, Burton, Sir John Mandeville, Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell, dew-bright Herrick lines, Remy de Gourmont's lovely *Litanies de la Rose*, Skelton's *Lullay, Lullay*—these, and many others, affected me in this anthology that merges Shakespeare and the Old Testament into the esoterics of James Joyce and Gertrude Stein.

Important

TWO great annuals of national interest have made their appearance for 1944. This year's *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage* has been fully revised from cover to cover and has a double pagination totalling over 3,000 pages. Despite the heavy increase in the cost of production, the price remains at the pre-war figure of 10s. net. Special features of this 1944 *Debrett* include: Bogus assumptions of titles on the increase; Failure of Royal Dukedoms to Survive; Appointment of Counsellors of State during the Absence of H.M. the King in North Africa; Appointment of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester as Governor-General of Australia, and statistics of the toll of the war—both in battle abroad and enemy action at home.

The 1944 *Who's Who* (Black; 80s.) has been also brought up to the latest possible date. This is the ninety-sixth issue of the famous annual biographical dictionary. Wartime conditions have, even within the last year, increased the always high number of necessary alterations. Accurate facts are given about the 40,000 men and women now most in the public eye, for achievement and interest to the public, as always are the criteria for inclusion here.

DEPENDABILITY



The Guildhall is the historic building where the Freedom of the City is conferred and where the election of the Lord Mayor takes place. It is, however, usually remembered by people as the place where the Lord Mayor's Banquet is held.

The Guildhall, begun about 1411 and partly destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, was badly 'blitzed' in 1940. Despite this, it remains a monument to the great stability of the City of London and calls to mind what millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "There's Dependability for you!"

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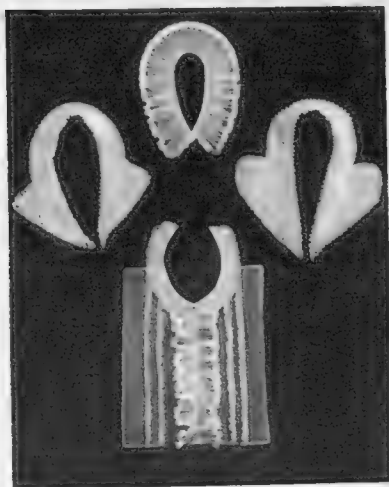
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● Feather wings 3s. 7d., and feather flowers 5s. 6d. each. *Selfridge's*; Jasmine 4s. 9d., Marguerites 2s. 4d., Victorian posy, 8s. 6d. *Harvey Nichols*



● White canvas bag, £1 18s. 4d. (initials 15s. 6d. each). *Harvey Nichols*; Wine and white striped square, £1 5s. 3d. Suede belt 9s. Snakeskin belt, £1 12s. 5d. Last three from *Fortnum's*; Handsewn suede gloves, £1 16s. 5d. *Selfridge's*; Navy/white sports shoes (for personal shoppers only), £1 10s. 3d. *Dolcis*

● Striped lisle jerseys, the wide stripes £1 7s., the narrow, £1 3s. 6d. *Fortnum's*



● White spots on lovely pastel grounds, £1 5s. 7d. *Derry and Toms*; Check cotton front, £1 6s. 1d. *Debenham's*



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Stories from Everywhere

A MAN saw in a shop-window a suit that caught his eye. He went in. "How much do you want for the herringbone suit in the window?" he asked the proprietor.

The latter eyed him speculatively.

"For that suit," he said, "I'm not asking ten pounds, I'm not asking eight pounds, I'm not asking eight pounds—I'm asking only seven pounds ten."

"Look," said the prospective customer, "for that suit I'm not offering seven pounds ten; I'm not offering seven pounds, I'm not offering six pounds. I'm offering you five pounds."

"Sold!" snapped the proprietor, instantly. "That's the way I like to do business—no chiselling."

A FRENCH farmer engaged in his spring planting was interrupted by a column of Nazis swaggering through his field. "Go ahead and sow," scoffed the farmer. "We'll do the reaping."

"I hope so," replied the farmer. "I'm sowing hemp."

"MAY I have next Wednesday off?" asked the private.

"Why?" asked the sergeant.

"It's my silver wedding anniversary. My wife's coming up to town and I want to celebrate."

"Crikey, are we going to have to put up with this every twenty-five years?"



Sir Bruce Fraser, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, Entertains

During a visit to the Home Fleet, film and stage celebrities were the guests of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser on board his flagship, H.M.S. Duke of York. Photographed on the quarterdeck are Bud Flanagan, Chesney Allen, Lieut. V. C. Merry, R.N.V.R., Peggy Taylor, the C.-in-C., Captain the Hon. Guy Russell, R.N., Evelyn Laye, Gordon Whelan, Will Hay and Charles Irwin.

A LITTLE old man laden down with parcels and a large umbrella boarded a Madison Avenue bus during the rush hour. After travelling several blocks, he insecurely suspended from a strap, he addressed a young woman sitting by him.

"Young lady, I'd be willing to pay you a nickel for your seat," he said.

The girl looked uncertain and unhappy, and finally got up and pushed toward the rear of the bus without having expressed any interest in the five cents.

The little old man sat down and winked at one of his neighbours. "I never take it," he whispered.

A GERMAN officer with a dog, a handsome cocker spaniel, started to get on a tram in the Place Bara in Brussels.

The conductor barred his way. "No dogs on the car. It's not allowed, even for Germans."

The Boche officer, wishing to show how clever he was, answered: "I may be a German, but my dog is English."

"All right, then, let the dog get on alone."

THE wife came in to find her husband and a stranger—afterwards ascertained to be a lawyer—engaged in some mysterious business over the dining-table, upon which several sheets of paper were spread.

"What are you doing with all that paper, Henry?" demanded his wife.

"I'm making a wish," said the husband, meekly.

"A wish?"

"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."

THE medical officer felt that he was not getting straight answers from the recruit, who seemed not to know what illnesses he had had in the past.

"Well, tell me the heaviest you have ever weighed," the M.O. suggested.

"Twelve stone," the recruit answered.

The M.O. made a note.

"And the lightest?" snapped the M.O.

"Seven pounds, sir," replied the recruit without blinking an eyelid.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Open Air

THE other day I saw it advocated that we should be provided with omnibuses with open tops. It was said that with modern engineering knowledge a top could be provided, adequately protected with, perhaps, a quick-acting hood, which would give travellers the advantages of the open air in fine weather without subjecting them to its disadvantages in bad weather.

It would be strange indeed if we were at some future date to come back to the open top. The incident made me wonder whether it is wise to accept without question the view that all aircraft of the future will have closed cabins. Is it possible that there might eventually come a revolution in taste, and manufacturers of private-owner aircraft be asked to build them with open cockpits?

The disadvantages are many. There is all the special clothing. There are the helmets and goggles which take a long time to put on and are not always entirely comfortable. There are the minor inconveniences such as the ballooning of the cheeks if you happen to lean over the side with mouth open. On the other hand the closed cabin seems to get more stiflingly closed as visibility decreases. And we have so far admitted partial failure with the closed cabin by introducing clear-vision panels.

Coupé de Ciel

THERE are possible compromises. There is the compromise which might enclose the pilot, but give the passengers a chance to open up a sliding roof or sliding windows; and there is the compromise which might enclose the passengers, but put the pilot out in an open cockpit.

It is so long since I have seen a motor car at close range that I cannot remember clearly the different kinds of coachwork. But if I remember correctly there was for a time a terrific vogue for a thing called a *coupé de ville*. Prodigiously smart Parisians used to go about in these things and if one put one's head inside the closed passenger part (they had the chauffeur's

part open) one got a whiff of expensive cigars and even more expensive perfume.

It seems just possible that we shall have a few variants on the all-open, or all-closed aircraft cabins in the future, and I think it behoves us to be cautious how we accept the completely closed cabin as inevitable and unchangeable.

Jet Definitions

IT has suddenly occurred to me that an earthworm is jet propelled—at least my own observations of its mode of progression make me think so. It achieves forward motion by a reaction process; displacing earth from its front end to its back. Or does it have feet and walk and merely do the peristaltic business to deceive jet-propulsion students? It would be a pity if I were wrong because there is something delightful about the idea that the earthworm had beaten Group Captain Whittle to it by a few thousands of years.

One of the applications of jet propulsion which did not seem obvious at first is to helicopters. There are several schemes for applying jet propulsion to these rotaplanes, and I have been assured by one helicopter enthusiast that jet propulsion will find its most favourable application there. It is true enough that rotaplane tip speeds are rather high and that it is at high speeds that jets seem to find their best conditions. But with the scanty information so far available it is impossible to form any considered judgment on the subject.

Meanwhile the American paper *Newsweek* says that United States and British officials have agreed to the name "Aerocomet" for one of the new jet machines. This was in a February issue of this paper.

Stoop Bombing

IT is most awkward for officialdom when the independent critic proves right and the authorities wrong. I have advocated dive bombing for years and



With the R.A.F. in the Levant

Air Marshal Sir Keith Park, A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, while touring R.A.F. units in the Levant, stopped to have a talk with L.A.C. M. K. Barber, of Norwich. In the centre is W/Cdr. W. H. Murray

have never wavered in my belief in it even when, in Parliament and out of it, some of the authoritative authorities were trying to cast ridicule upon it. Now dive bombing is practised by large and increasing numbers of Allied airmen on all fronts. It is proving extremely successful for just the purpose it was theoretically adapted to fill—the striking of a small target with high accuracy and high blasting power. But it becomes increasingly awkward for the authorities to refer to this because they have been in the past at such pains to discourage dive bombing and to make that low-level, horizontal, flat-glide bombing is better. It was too close to my previous observations on the subject to permit of an open change of heart.

May I offer expert assistance here? Why not overcome all difficulties and prevent

the suggestion being made that official opinion has to change round completely, by calling it a new thing. Why not in future refer to the dive bombing done by our machines (some with, some without air brakes) as "stoop bombing"? A "stoop," according to the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, is: "The swoop of a bird of prey on its quarry or the descent of a falcon to the lure." Surely that is a good word for a word, moreover, that would be free of all unhappy and controversial associations.

Strange Interval

WRITING on aviation at this particular moment has an unreal atmosphere. There is a general feeling of expectancy about and the thought is always at the back of one's mind that the great Allied military effort against Germany may have begun by the time these words appear in print. At any rate, the air offensive has reached what seems to be an unimpeachable intensity. In 1940 no one could have imagined an attack on the scale the Allies are making it at the time these words are being written.

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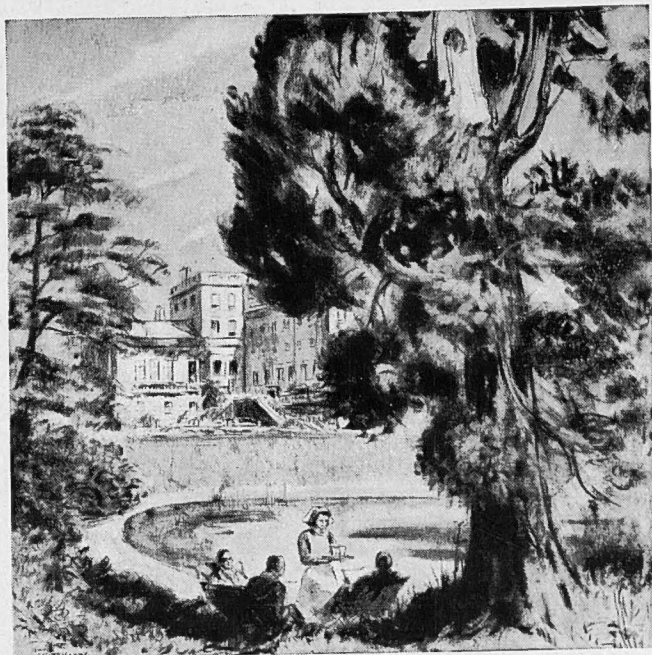
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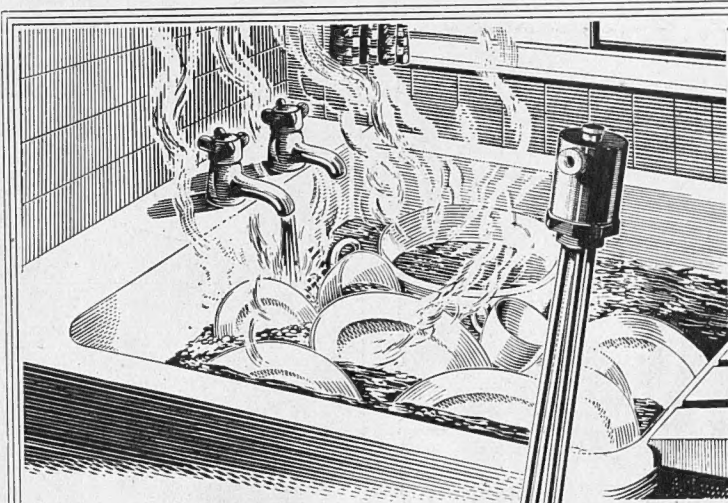


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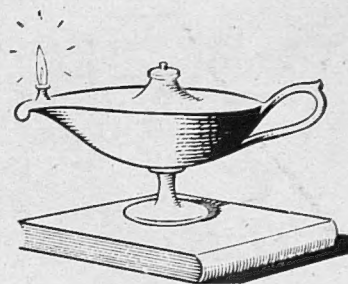


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